

GIEDEL HEARS ALLEGED CONFESSION REPEATED

State Rests After Story of Slaying of W. H. Jackson Is Told Many Times.

MR. WHITMAN ON THE STAND

District Attorney Says Prisoner Told Him He Killed Broker Because He Needed Money for His Mother and Sister.

When Assistant District Attorney Nott announced yesterday afternoon in General Sessions that the people rested in the trial of Paul Giedel for the murder of W. H. Jackson in the Hotel Iroquois on July 25, the story of the crime, as it is alleged it was related by Giedel after his arrest, had been repeated on the witness stand half a dozen times.

Three members of the detective force who worked on the case had repeated the narrative to the jury, when George S. Dougherty, the Deputy Police Commissioner at the head of the Detective Bureau, went over it again yesterday morning. A condensed statement of the manner in which the crime was committed, prepared by Commissioner Dougherty and signed by Giedel under oath, was produced and placed in evidence.

In the afternoon District Attorney Whitman, who was at Police Headquarters when Giedel was examined, repeated the story again, and as a climax James Hamill, a stenographer of the District Attorney's office, who took a verbatim report of the questions put to Giedel and his answers, again went over the ground covered by his chief and the members of the Police Department.

Mr. Nott then announced that the prosecution had completed its case, and at the request of counsel for the defense Judge Crain postponed the opening of the defense until Monday morning.

During the day Mrs. Annie Giedel, mother of the young defendant, gave out a statement denying that she had ever requested a change in the plans of her son's attorneys, as reported in an afternoon newspaper. The statement was largely an eulogy of the counsel. Mr. Gray, who has conducted the defense, said the statement had been given out without his knowledge.

"Wish I Was Out of This."

Detective James J. Flinn testified that Giedel had remarked to him on the day he was indicted:

"I wish I was out of this. I thought I was going to get out of it when I read in the newspapers that they could not make out the label on the bottle."

Lieutenant Dominick Kelly, who was the first witness examined at the opening of court, said that Giedel had informed him that he had washed his hands after killing Mr. Jackson and wiped them on the pajamas which the dead man wore.

During a two hours' cross-examination of Kelly, which elicited apparently nothing new, Giedel appeared bored, and yawned twice. With this exception he maintained the same placid countenance that he has worn during most of the week's trial. He winced when Mr. Nott, replying to a remark of Mr. Gray, said:

"I object to counsel's statement about this being an inexperienced boy. It is not founded on fact. On the contrary, the opposite is true."

Commissioner Dougherty stated that Giedel had volunteered to make his confession and had not been coerced into doing so.

"Giedel said he wanted to make a complete statement of the murder of Mr. Jackson," said Dougherty. "He said he wanted to tell the truth."

"Did he say 'murder of Mr. Jackson,' or 'killing of Mr. Jackson,' or 'death of Mr. Jackson?'" asked Mr. Gray.

"He said, to the best of my recollection, 'murder of Mr. Jackson,'" replied Dougherty.

Felt Pulse to Test Truth.

In explaining why he had held his finger on Giedel's pulse when questioning him during five minutes in Giedel's room, Commissioner Dougherty stated he wanted to see if the prisoner was nervous and if he was telling the truth. He said the pulse was rather rapid, and he concluded that Giedel was telling some untruths.

District Attorney Whitman said that Giedel had been a bellboy at the Iroquois Hotel, where the District Attorney lives with his family, and in that capacity had frequently come to his apartment.

"I didn't know his last name," said Mr. Whitman, "as he was known to me as Paul. When I went to Police Headquarters on the information that an employee of the hotel named Giedel had been arrested for the murder of Mr. Jackson I did not expect to see this defendant. I was surprised when I saw him. I could not believe at first that he was guilty, and I warned him that anything he might say could be used against him if he was placed on trial."

"I asked him why he had committed the crime, and he said he needed the money to send to his mother and sister." The District Attorney then repeated the confession made in his presence.

"Did you hear Giedel say anything to Mr. Gray?" asked Mr. Nott, referring to the defendant's friend, who was arrested with him.

"Yes," replied Mr. Whitman. "He said to Mr. Gray: 'Tell the whole truth. I have told them everything and they know it all.'"

Mr. Whitman said he left his apartment about 9 o'clock on the night of the murder and returned at 11:50 o'clock. During the interim Mrs. Whitman was there alone.

CHICAGO-LOS ANGELES TRAIN.

A new limited train between Chicago and Los Angeles, via Kansas City and Albuquerque, will be put in operation, beginning December 1, by the Santa Fe Railroad. This will be an extra fast train, and will shorten the time between Chicago and Los Angeles five hours and thirty minutes, and between Chicago and Albuquerque four hours and thirty minutes.

The schedule calls for a running time of twenty-three hours between Chicago and Los Angeles, and fifty-one hours between Kansas City and Los Angeles. An extra fare of \$25 will be in force on this train. The cars are to be of all steel construction and of most modern design.

ATWOOD AND HIS RECORD-BREAKING AEROPLANE ON ARRIVAL FROM ST. LOUIS YESTERDAY AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

(Photo by American Press Association.)



ATWOOD ALMOST FALLS

Continued from first page.

wood to have something at the Bachelor's Club.

"Have you missed a meal on your trip?" he was asked.

"Have I ever had a meal?" he replied.

The United States Army Rejoices.

This was joy unconfined to the United States army. Here was something practical that the officers could do for him. For half an hour he partook of the Bachelor Club's best.

It was noted that Atwood was apparently in the pink of condition.

"You are feeling tip-top?" inquired a captain, eyeing the aviator's ruddy cheeks and square shoulders with the approval of an expert.

"Never better," said Atwood, looking at the part. "It has been hard, though, on the men who have been keeping pace with me by trains and automobiles. Stevens, my manager, is hollow-eyed, most of the reporters have been losing sleep and two men had to go to the hospital last week. But I have taken things pretty easy," he said, with a smile.

"How has the trip paid you financially?" he was asked.

"I won't have much surplus now that the Sheephead racetrack deal has fallen through," he said.

"Promoters have ceased to interest me. I cut loose from promoters at Lyons. It cost me \$4,000 there to buy them off a contract whereby I was to stop at twenty towns and thereby hurt my rate of speed and my prestige. This \$4,000 comes out of the \$10,000 that Mr. Evans has paid me for the trip, and my other expenses have amounted to about \$5,500."

Trip Cost Him \$9,500.

"I do not want to stand before the public in the character of a charity object, but you can subtract one thing from another and find that I have really not gathered much cash on this trip."

Here Atwood remembered that he needed a cap and that he had not seen Broadway from a good point of observation for several weeks. He walked, followed by an excited group of soldiers and civilians, to the government dock, where he took the boat for the Battery.

On the boat he looked over some music that a young woman composer had mailed him, all about what an aviator's bride should be, how happy and everything. He said he would try it on the piano when he got home.

Photographers asked him repeatedly to pose, and he always obliged, but rather pathetically murmured: "I'm all smiles out; I've had 1,265 miles of smiling to do."

"Your aeroplane is pretty well covered with autographs," said a bystander.

"Yes; that seemed to be the stunt everywhere I landed. Do you know, at Elkhart one fellow went around and sold pencils."

The Battery was swarming with people. When Atwood stepped off the boat, bareheaded, wearing a rakish gray mackintosh, there were hearty cheers. It was necessary for him to go into the waiting room of the Staten Island ferry, so enthusiastic were the efforts of the multitude to tell him, individually and confidentially, what they thought of a chap who could do as he had done.

Hundreds paid five cents to get beyond the gates, determined to gaze upon him at close range.

A serious mannered man of fifty pushed industriously through the compact spectators and leaned over the aviator's head until the stranger could whisper in his ear.

A Near-Paternal Blessing.

"God bless you," he whispered. Then he stood up to his full height and with a melancholy shake of the head, said in a low voice: "Harry—there was the affection in his tone that a father would use in addressing his son just rescued from drowning—'do you feel all right, Harry?'"

Atwood shook his head in the affirmative.

"Didn't the fog or mist bother you none at all?" the man pleaded.

Atwood smiled and shook his head the other way this time.

"Just look at him," said the stranger to a bystander, loud enough for Atwood to hear. "See him a-setting there like he was nobody. I shook hands with him," he confided, and soberly withdrew.

When Atwood jumped into a taxicab to go uptown several patrolmen were required to make way for him and his party, which included E. Adrian Von Muffling and Ethan A. Weinberg, the committee appointed by the Aeronautical Society to meet him.

There was another wholesome demonstration by the crowd as the machine shot toward Brooklyn, and when the City Hall was reached hundreds of persons, unconscious that Atwood was passing, stood rooted to the ground, gazing far over his head in search of a fitting glance of him on his way down the river.

At Great Jones street a boy in a Broadway car, recognizing the aviator, yelled, "Hello, dere, Atwood!"

Atwood waved his hand as the taxicab dashed on—the chauffeur was showing that he, too, was a shark at the wheel—

THE SUMMARY OF ATWOOD'S FLIGHT YESTERDAY.

Left Nyack—1:53 p. m.
Passed Tarrytown—1:56 p. m.
Passed Irvington—2:02 p. m.
Passed Hastings—2:04 p. m.
Passed Yonkers—2:12 p. m.
Passed Mount St. Vincent—2:14 p. m.
Passed Riverdale—2:16 p. m.
Passed City Line—2:18 p. m.
Passed Grant's Tomb—2:22 p. m.
Passed Singer Building—2:33 p. m.
Landed at Governor's Island—2:35 p. m.
Distance flown—Thirty miles.
Flying time—Forty-two minutes.

and the rest of the passengers immediately assumed a perpendicular attitude, especially in the region of the neck.

As 23d street was being reached Atwood said:

"Broadway looks pretty good. I wanted to come down last night, but I was afraid the effect might be blurred a little if I should get here first by train. When are we going to get to a hot store?"

In one of those places in the Fifth avenue building Atwood tried on caps of tans and grays, in stripes and checks, for half an hour. The clerk gleamed that he was serving a man of unusual interest in the public eye. The manager assisted in the successful consummation of the deal. Atwood paid \$3 for a black and white check turban and said:

"Now, I want to buy a suit of clothes." Newspaper men who were with him suggested that if he took as long, relatively, to buy a suit as he had to buy the business sense first to go to the Hotel Knickerbocker, where he could discharge the taxicab.

"I can buy a suit in ten minutes," said Atwood. "It always takes me longer to decide upon a hat. I don't know why." But, even so, he agreed to the suggestion.

Manager Probst of the Knickerbocker met Atwood at the door of the cab.

"I think I have heard of you before," he said, cordially shaking the aviator's hand. "Something nice in a front room. Broadway exposure, with a bath, say?" he continued, most affably.

Following the hasty execution of these details the flyer and a small but faithful retinue started out to buy him that suit of clothes. It was then 5:15 o'clock.

At Broadway and 43d street Mr. Probst ran after Atwood to say that A. Leo Stevens, the aviator's manager, was on the telephone, very anxious indeed to speak to him immediately.

"I want to buy a suit," said Atwood. "Please tell Mr. Stevens to come to the hotel in half an hour."

He selected a darker brown Norfolk than he had worn down the river, then chose some hose of just the proper still darker shade, a shirt with dark purple stripes, set wide apart, four handkerchiefs and a suit of high priced underwear.

"I've had to buy clothes all along the line," he said. "But I can select a suit in ten minutes every time."

On the way to the hotel he stopped at a drugstore and bought a pair of scissors, a toothbrush, a hairbrush and some talcum powder.

"It may look an effeminate thing," he said, "but it's good for shaving."

Hamilton Greets Atwood.

Charles K. Hamilton was waiting for Atwood in the hotel lobby.

"Hello, Harry," said Hamilton, who travelled as a passenger with Atwood from Atlantic City to Washington last month. "I've been on the roof of the Astor most of the time," continued Hamilton. "I knew you would get here, but I didn't know how soon, and I know every brick in that roof now."

"Say, where can I get a shine?" asked Atwood.

Hamilton told him, while the lobby buzzed with the information that two of America's greatest aviators were deep in converse over the newstand.

"Guess I'll buy a postcard," said Atwood on his way to the booth-like parlor. "And send it to my mother, so she will know I got to New York."

"I shook hands with you in Buffalo, Atwood," said a bustling individual; "may I do so again in New York?"

"Glad to meet you," said the aviator. And then he went with his followers to get a shine.

He had put on his new suit and shirt and a clean collar, and with his sparkling cap and shoes looked as fresh as a violet in spring. He invited the newspaper men to his room.

"I think this trip of mine proves conclusively," he said, "that a man can fly in an aeroplane across the continent at will."

"There was no time on my trip, with the exception of my getaway this morning, but what I had a place to save my life in. My only trouble was a stalled motor."

Atwood Describes Landing Places.

"I landed at Lyons on top of a hill. I landed at Albany, west of Syracuse, in a marsh. I landed at Fort Plain in a rocky meadow, up in the top of a mountain. I landed at Castleton on the side of the river on a steep slope. I landed in Glen to make slight adjustments, 1,250 feet on the top of a mountain. At Cold Spring, near West Point, I climbed the side of a mountain to make a landing. I landed right plumb on the ledge, with

only ten minutes' supply of fuel. I had to land, I can tell you. Then my engine stalled on me at Nyack and I had to make a forced landing right off. At Nyack I landed all right, but I had to chop down trees to get away."

He had got this far in his interesting recital when, without warning, he went into the adjoining room to shave and take a bath. It was thirty minutes before he again appeared, but he was the picture of health and good nature and up-to-dateness when he did.

"My start this morning at Nyack was dangerous," he continued. "I was in a small field. I had to fly between two small trees. There could not have been more than a foot of space on either side of the machine—I don't know but what the machine scraped both trees."

"My machine wouldn't crank at first. My mechanics had connected the lead wires so they back fired. They set fire to my gasoline tank, and for a moment it looked bad. We put it out with sand."

Skims Along the Hudson.

"I didn't fly high down the Hudson. There were all kinds of gusts. I flew on the windward side of the river. For the greater part of the trip I was not over fifty feet above the water. Sometimes I was as close to the surface as five feet."

"And I flew right close to shore. The wind hit the Palisades hard. When I got away from the Palisades I crossed about opposite Jersey City to give New Yorkers as much of a chance to see me as possible. But I flew just above the smokestacks of the vessels in the river. I could hear the whistles—all of them, I think."

"The most anxious moment on my whole trip was just as I was in sight of Governor's Island. There was one little skip to my motor. It may have been imagination, but I think it was a skip. It made me wonder if, after all, I was going to be compelled to light on water and have to be picked up, instead of arriving at Governor's Island by my own power."

"This aeroplane of mine, that I have used throughout the trip, hasn't been weakened in any shape or manner. The engine is tired. I wouldn't trust any dangerous flights with this engine."

Asked what part of the long trip stood most clearly out in his recollection, Atwood stood up and said:

"That's an easy one. The most attractive part of the trip was through the mountains on my way down the Hudson. That was the part that most appealed to me. It was then that I really felt there was no stretch of the imagination required to say that I was indeed a bird in the air."

"At West Point, for instance, I wanted to land, and had to hover over the mountains looking for a safe place. I couldn't find a place that looked good to me, and circled about right over the woods, finally alighting on the top of Baxter's Mountain, 1,013 feet high. That was the prettiest part of my trip by far."

"I had no gusts of wind down the Hudson that bothered me to any marked degree. But I did get winds off the lakes that were fierce," he said.

May Fly Across Continent.

Asked if he would try to fly across the continent for the \$50,000 prize offered by William R. Hearst, Atwood said he was seriously considering such a flight, to begin about October 1, but that he would not go by way of Chicago because of the winds just mentioned.

Asked if he thought the flight just made had increased the possibilities of the aeroplane, the aviator said:

"The possibilities existed before I made the trip. I think the possibilities are limitless, but just what form they will take I confess I do not know."

Packed away in the grip which the aviator carried by aeroplane from St. Louis are a score or more of letters, most of them supposedly of a tender nature and addressed to young women residing in the neighborhood of Boston.

"At pretty nearly every place I stopped," Atwood explained, "some fellow asked me to carry a letter to his girl up in Boston. Of course I agreed to do it. I am going to take them all to Boston with me and mail them there."

The machine in which Atwood made the record trip will be shipped to Boston to-day, but will not be used by the aviator at the aviation tournament. He will use there a Burgess-Wright biplane equipped with a 50-horsepower Gnome motor.

AEROPLANE GUN A SUCCESS

New Device for Shooting at Sky Targets Stands Tests.

Washington, Aug. 25.—The experiments to-day with the new one-pounder aeroplane gun at the Indian Head, Md., proving grounds demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the naval ordnance experts that the design of the carriage of the weapon, permitting its elevation at any angle, is a complete success.

Fifteen rounds were fired into the air at various angles to-day. Cloudy weather interfered somewhat with the experiments, for when the gun was lowered to 70 degrees the firing crew lost sight of the plane where the shell fell because of the haze. The tests were then discontinued to await clear weather, when experiments will be made with designs of proposed sights.

Blank shells are being used in the present experiments. The fuse of a loaded shell is so sensitive, ordnance experts say, that explosion would result immediately upon contact with an airplane, even though it grazed only a wing, and would probably kill the aviator.

UNDER SCOW TEN HOURS

Man Supposedly Drowned in Storm Is Saved at Pier.

GIVES SIGNAL BY KNOCKS

Hole Chopped in Bottom of Craft Reveals Him Standing in Water and Nearly Suffocated.

It is not yet written that Ricardo Manello, barge captain, shall die. He had a perfectly good chance to die yesterday—and refused. Perhaps it was that Manello did not exactly like the idea of dying in such an undignified place as an upturned sand scow—some men are particular even as to the spot where they shall die. At any rate, Manello is alive to-day after an experience that comes to few men.

When the storm was at its height yesterday morning two scows in tow of the tugboat Bouker ploughed their way through the waters of the lower bay until they wallowed in the surging dips and hollows and the scow was tipped heavily under their burdens of sand. Manello was the captain in charge of one of the scows, and was sitting at his ease in the tight little cabin of his blunt-nosed craft.

While Manello inhaled fragrantly from his clay pipe, allowing his body to sway with the rolling motion of the scow, he suddenly became aware that something unusual was happening. Where, a moment before, he had been sitting comfortably at the ceiling, now he found himself sitting on the spot where his eyes had rested just before. At the same time, he knew that he was no longer reclining at ease in the comfortable chair on the floor, but was, instead, being flung about unceremoniously, bumping into the chair and against the walls of the little cabin.

There was a sudden lurch, and he realized that the scow was bottom up. While Manello was striving to regain his feet, he saw that the water was beginning to pour in through the cracks about the door. He began to reason that when the craft had been relieved of its sandy cargo it would float high enough for him to keep his head above water. And in his reasoning Manello was correct, for by clinging to the sides of the cabin he saved himself.

scow, but he was then the rolling of the scow let in a fresh breath.

Leaving Manello to his reveries in the topsy-turvy cabin of the scow, the scow shifted to those on the tug. When the scow capsized, the crew of the tug went back and looked for him, thinking his body would bob to the surface in a few minutes.

Nothing of the kind happened, however, and after floating about for some time, the scow had turned over on its side, the toughest crew decided that he had been swept overboard and drowned.

Steam was put on and the Bouker put in at the Erie Basin. It was heavy going, with a combination of choppy sea and an overturned scow in tow, the same being more than half filled with water, and it was more than ten hours before the scow was tied up at a pier at 4th street.

As deckhands were making the scow fast they heard loud tapping on the upturned bottom. Slowly, persistently, the tapping continued, and when the deckhands placed their ears to the planks they heard a human voice.

That was enough, and soon men began to chop away the boards with axes. After ten minutes' work a hole was made in the scow's bottom, below the choppers saw the head and shoulders of one Ricardo Manello. He was almost suffocated, but managed to raise his hands high enough to be pulled out.

A five finger portion of Brooklyn's best corn whiskey had a gratifying effect on Manello, and he was soon relating his experiences.

Had his rescuers been longer in chopping him out of his prison he must have perished, for the water was up to his shoulders when he was taken out, and the scow in which the scow in quiet water had shut off all fresh air.

TYPHOID SOURCES SOUGHT

The Bronx Scoured for Fly Breeding Waters.

Dr. Beldian, of the Health Department office, continued yesterday his tour of inspection in the Bronx in search of the possible sources of the typhoid cases that have suddenly developed in that borough.

The milk and water supplies have claimed most of his attention on former trips of inspection in the last week, but yesterday he looked closely for any places where flies might be the source of the malady.

Dr. Jackson, of the Department of Water Supply, has been much in favor of considering that as one of the possible sources.

The Department of Water Supply, it was said yesterday, had been using many tons of chlorine of lime in the Croton watershed, to prevent any contagion through the aqueduct at Briarcliff Manor.

It has been definitely determined that the cases in Manhattan are due to milk and not water, and this much, it is said, would indicate that these cases in the Bronx in the same supply by Croton water cannot be attributed to the water either. The department will keep after the cases, however, and it was said yesterday that the rise had probably reached its height and would drop to the normal in a short time.

PROTECTION FOR AVIATORS

Revenue Cutter and Fast Motor Boats to Serve at Squantum.

(By Telegram to the Tribune.)

Boston, Aug. 25.—With the grim spectre of recent fatalities in aviation meets looming up vividly before them, managers of the second Harvard-Boston aero meet, which opens at Squantum tomorrow, are going to do something to protect the thousands of spectators who will be there, but also the lives and limbs of the bird-men. The Harvard meet of last year was not marred by even a serious accident, and men in charge of it say that none will occur this year unless some aviator tries a foolhardy feat or something happens which it is beyond the power and precaution of man to prevent.

The coasting of the aviation field will be patrolled by the United States revenue cutter Gresham, which has been assigned by the United States government and will rescue any aviator who tumbles into the water. A lifesaving crew, ten speedy motor boats which will travel twenty-five miles an hour and a 30-horsepower boat which will travel thirty miles an hour, will also patrol Boston Harbor in the vicinity of the aviation field. Robert Burns will have charge of the motor fleet.

President Taft will be unable to attend the opening of the meet to-morrow, but he has promised to attend some day next week, the exact date to be announced later.

HELD FOR CARRYING WEAPONS.

Leon Gupiel, of Deering, Me., who was arrested Thursday night at Broadway and Bleecker street on a charge of carrying concealed weapons, was arraigned yesterday before Magistrate Probst in the Jefferson Market court and held in \$500 bail for trial. The police had found in his pocket a revolver, a black gun and a peaked cap. He said he was on his way to sell the weapon, but offered no explanation as to the mask and cap.

TO TRY COLD STORAGE MEN

First Test of New Law Will Be Made by District Attorney.

The first prosecution under the Brennan law, effective on June 15 last, which is designed to regulate the cold storage of food supplies, will begin on Monday morning in the Tombs Police Court. President L. R. Prior of the Greenwich Cold Storage Company will be called upon to answer a complaint by Inspectors Roche and Scharrf, of the State Board of Health, on which a summons was issued yesterday by Magistrate Corrigan.

Affidavits signed by the inspectors contain the charge that they found at the preserving factory of Max Ama, No. 372 Greenwich street, a barrel of fish received from the Greenwich Storage Company's plant that did not bear the date on which the fish had been received in storage. The Brennan law requires that all food stored shall bear the date it enters and the date it leaves storage.

Roche and Scharrf are the inspectors assigned to the city of New York. The attention of District Attorney Whitman having been called to the alleged large number of violations discovered in the city, he assigned Assistant District Attorney Pulevsky to investigate. After a conversation, with Assemblinman Brennan, father of the law, he summoned Roche and Scharrf to his office and learned that they had unearthed three cases in the city, two of which were in Kings County.

The law provides that any corporation or officer of a corporation may be prosecuted for violations. The offense is a misdemeanor, punishable by a year in prison, a fine of \$50, or both.

Both Roche and Scharrf informed the District Attorney that they had discovered quantities of putrid fish in storage houses, the proprietors of